

The Musical World.

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NOTICE.

THE Proprietors beg to announce that, in consequence of the increasing circulation of the MUSICAL WORLD in London, they will be compelled to discontinue its delivery to all their subscribers in town, after the present number.

THE Publishers have given their list of subscribers to Mr. REED, the well-known News Agent in John Street, (Oxford Street) who has undertaken to supply the MUSICAL WORLD to residents in all parts of London. All applications respecting unstamped subscriptions, must therefore be made to Mr. REED.

THE Publishers request that all accounts due to Christmas may be paid to them without delay, as the future supply of the MUSICAL WORLD will not be continued to those subscribers whose payments are in arrear.

THE stamped edition (for the country) will be still forwarded from the publishing office, but only to those subscribers who pay a quarter in advance.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, December 26th, 1854.

ONCE more in annual rotation has Christmas returned to gladden the hearts and humanise the feelings of all good Christians on either side the Channel. Yule logs and sea-coal fires in London—midnight mass and solemn service in Paris; roast beef, plum-pudding, turkeys, and other solid comestibles with you—étrempes, bonbons, and all sorts of prettinesses here. And yet is the heart saddened and the eye dimmed in many a household and by many a hearth of merry England and light-hearted France. How few have not lost some old familiar friend or some dearest relation, in the perils by water and the perils by fire, in the din of battle, or by the pestilence that walketh in darkness. Mourning for the dead, fear for the living, temper the mirth and festivity of this happy and holy season. The thoughts of all, from the monarch to the peasant, are with those

“Brave hearts, to Britain’s pride

So faithful and so true;”

and those

“Cull’d and choice-drawn cavaliers of France,”—

who in storm and tempest, in privation and sickness, are fighting the battle of the weak against the strong, the right against the wrong-doer, the oppressed against the oppressor; who, regardless of numbers and heedless of odds, are defending the cause of civilisation against barbarism, and by their undaunted bearing

driving back the countless Huns of the new Attila of the North. Surely at such a time, when

“All the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
When thrive the armourers, and honour’s thought
Reigns solely in the heart of every man,”

a short digression is pardonable, and some expression of feeling, however weak, is permissible, in honour of those but for whom music and the kindred arts might be numbered with the dead. Let the *Musical World* and its readers—all unpolitical as they are—join in the chorus of praise and thanksgiving to that band of brothers, French and English, to whom they owe the peace and comfort of their hearths, the glory of their country, and the preservation of those arts which distinguish the man from the brute, the English or Frenchman from the Cossack and the Muscovite.

The past week has been marked by more than a usual amount of novelty in the musical world of Paris, and, as the Emperor and Empress honoured with their presence last Saturday the first representation of Verdi’s opera of *Il Trovatore*, I will begin with the Italian Opera. The production of this work for the first time here excited a considerable amount of curiosity, and the house was full to suffocation. The music is in Verdi’s usual style; the brass instruments roar so as to endanger your tympanum, and in one chorus the orchestra is assisted by a band of blacksmiths, who with large hammers perform an *ad libitum* accompaniment on enormous anvils. What more could the most strenuous admirer of energetic music require? Signor Verdi, however, has been happy in the artists who introduced his opera to a Parisian audience. Signor Baucardé made his *début* on our stage as the Troubadour, and achieved an unquestionable and well-deserved success. His first song behind the wings obtained great applause, and his voice is flexible, vigorous, and sweet. He acts with judgment and discretion, and now that Mario has disappeared, (at least for a season), and tenors are scarce, Signor Baucardé is a most valuable acquisition to the Italian lyric stage. Let Mr. Gye look to him. Madame Borghi-Mamo, as the Bohémienne, shewed herself a good artist and an accomplished musician. Her voice is clear and well-toned; her style pure, and her vocalisation excellent. One of her airs was unanimously encored, and the whole of the music received ample justice at her hands. Madame Frezzolini is not so young as she was some few years since; and her voice, mellifluous and clear in the upper register, is wanting in the lower notes. She acted the part of Leonore in a most impassioned spirit, and showed all her well-known ability both as actress and vocalist. In the fourth act she was much applauded, twice recalled, and loaded with bouquets. Sig. Gassier filled a small part with judgment and discretion, and Sig. Graziani astonished all the house, and probably himself as

much as any, by displaying great powers as an actor; in many scenes he exhibited strong indications of possessing no small portion of the genius of Ronconi. *Du reste*, the opera was mounted in magnificent style and at lavish expense. Nearly the whole of the action takes place at night, and the libretto is more obscure than the time it represents. M. Ragani, however, determined that no material aid should be wanting to success, and accordingly gave unlimited orders for new grottoes, decorations, palaces, gardens, dungeons, cascades, and a new moon which had never done business elsewhere, and played a most important part on this occasion. The orchestra, under Signor Bonetti, was above all praise; the choruses excellent. Finally, Signor Verdi, who had personally superintended the rehearsals, was called for three times, and honoured by receiving a bouquet thrown by the fair hand of the Empress herself. I trust this opera may be the means of turning the tide in M. Ragani's favour, for until now he has had a most sorry season, and must have been a heavy loser by his operatic speculation.

Madame Ugalde made her *rentrée* at the Opéra-Comique on Saturday, in *Galathée*. She met with a most favourable reception from a very full house, and was unanimously encored in the Bacchic song of the second act. She displayed all those qualities, as actress and vocalist, which have so deservedly made her a favourite with the Parisian public, and all the world is delighted to see her return to her old house at the pleasant little Opéra-Comique. She will enable Caroline Duprez to get an occasional rest from the fatigues of *L'Etoile du Nord*, which shines as brightly as ever.

Our first masked ball at the Opéra also took place on Saturday, under the direction of M. Strauss. The performance commenced at ten o'clock, with the production by the orchestra of several pieces from the "Album Strauss," and at twelve o'clock dancing began. The house was more full than select, and, indeed, it was difficult to say whether the orchestra or the company were most noisy. Each seemed engaged in a perpetual attempt to drown the other, and the result was the production of sounds more loud than mellifluous.

Madame Sophie Cruvelli has been suffering from a severe domestic affliction, and did not sing for ten days until Wednesday last. She then again appeared in *Les Huguenots*, and with the invariable result of a house crammed to the roof by an audience who hardly know how to testify their rapturous applause. During her absence, *La Muette de Portici* was played four times, but neither singers nor mime made any advance in public estimation.

In constructing the libretto of *Le Muletier de Tolède*, the ingenious and accomplished authors, Messrs. Dennery and Clairville, seem to have taken the measure of their composer and to have written to order. There is literally not a new situation or a *scintilla* of originality in the whole piece, which is a *mélange* of *Le Jeu de l'Amour et du Hasard*, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, and *Jean de Paris*. The authors themselves admit this, and one of the characters informs the audience of their palpable plagiarisms. You shall judge for yourself,—here is the plot. The Queen of Leon has been chosen as the future wife of the Infante de Castille, and hearing that the latter is desirous of seeing his intended before completing the match, and has disguised himself as a peasant for that purpose, she, in her turn, assumes the dress of a Spanish peasant girl, and sets out on her travels to discover her disguised lover *in posse*. One of her maids of honour, attired in like guise, alone accompanies her; but, arrived at the first posada, they are attacked by a

band of roysterers, who admire their pretty faces, and desire a more intimate acquaintance. They are rescued by a muleteer gaily attired and courteous in bearing, who drives off the molesters and rescues the ladies. The Queen is convinced that the muleteer can be no other than the disguised Infante, and without discovering her incognito thanks him for his services. At the next *venta* they have to deal with men of a different class, but of similar tastes. Don Pedro, cousin of the Queen, who has sworn to marry her, or cause her abdication, is drinking with a choice lot of boon companions. At the sight of the two pretty maidens they take them by the waist, and are about to proceed to further extremities, when the muleteer (the *deus ex machina*) again appears, again rescues them, is again thanked by the Queen, who again preserves her incognito, and (still disguised) places herself under the protection of Don Pedro: whereupon the first act ends. The second act opens in the palace of the Queen, who, in full regal attire, is seated on her throne. The courtiers pass before her, and a door is thrown open, through which the more common herd are allowed to enter and make an obeisance to their sovereign. Among the rest the muleteer comes forth, and the Queen recognizes and is charmed with him. Don Pedro, also, is there, and, having instructed one of his accomplices to carry off her majesty when she leaves the palace, is overheard by the muleteer, who informs the sovereign, and she thereupon directs her camerara-major to take her place in the carriage, while she remains at the palace to watch the conspirators. Don Pedro's plan is to bring forward the young peasant who has placed herself under his protection, and who so closely resembles the queen, to place her on the throne and procure her signature to an abdication, while the true queen is kept in confinement. Meanwhile, the Queen has again assumed her peasant dress, the muleteer is again at her side and makes protestations of love, which she, supposing him to be the Infante, readily accepts. They are surprised by Don Pedro, who is confused between the peasant and the Queen, and knows not whether the lady before him be one or the other, or both. He knows, however, that the muleteer is not the Infante, and thinks that if the lady be really the Queen she will be as thoroughly lost by marrying a muleteer as by any other process. The Queen accepts the proposal with joy, and the marriage takes place: which ends Act II.

Returned from church, the Queen thinks it time to put an end to the comedy. "Now then," says she to the muleteer, "you have played your part admirably, but it is time for the muleteer to give place to the Infante." "I am not the Infante," replies he, "that gentleman is a married man." The Queen bursts into tears; the muleteer is delighted; he is loved for himself alone. "No," says he, "I am not the Infante, I am the King!" End of Act III.

Thus much for the *libretto*, which, though far-fetched and borrowed, is not wanting in situation. The music of M. Adolph Adam has been sought from sources as various, and frequently as well known, as the words of Messrs. Dennery and Clairville. Though they have not drawn on their imagination for their plot, he most certainly has tasked his memory for his music. Worn out Spanish boleros, stale French airs, and old-fashioned English melodies, have supplied his inspiration. To him every fountain is Castalian, provided it be not dry, and no matter how often it has been drained and dirtied by previous composers. Even his admirers admit that the *Muletier de Tolède* is inferior to *Le Bijou Perdu*, and declare that no air will have the success of "Les Fraises." The overture is weak and trashy, being

mainly founded on the airs which succeed it in the opera. The piece opens with a chorus and bolero, after which Madame Marie Cabel sings "Dansez, dansez, filles de Castille," the same air as the chorus. Then comes an air for the muleteer, very well sung by Sujol, which is followed by a duet, "De la peur," between him and Madame Cabel. A trio of drinkers follows, which is immediately succeeded by a duet, "Vive le vin d'Espagne." "Si j'étais la reine d'Espagne" falls to the share of the disguised queen, and a chorus concludes Act I. The second act opens with a chorus, which is followed by an air for Don Pedro, "Quand on conspire," then another chorus and a march, after which comes an air, so charmingly rendered by Madame Cabel, that the audience were enchanted with her execution:—

"Au convent,
Bien souvent,
On soupire, &c.,"—

These couplets, sung with extraordinary velocity, were unanimously encored. Another bolero and an air, "Je ne suis pay-sanne;" a trio of the conspirators, "Vous êtes en notre pouvoir;" and "Écoutez, la cloche lointaine," bring the second act to a conclusion. The third act is short. "Enfin, me voilà donc maîtresse," sung by Mad. Cabel, and a duet for her and the muleteer, "O trouble extrême," lead to the finale sung by Mad. Cabel on the motives of the duet in the first act, and "Si j'étais la reine d'Espagne." These are the principal airs in this new work of M. Adolph Adam of the Institute:

"Better one good work of Auber
Than a thousand of Adam,"

will be the exclamation of every one hearing it. It never appeals to any high and ennobling sentiment; it is utterly wanting in that pearly roundness, that graceful trifling, that exquisite melody which pervade every lyric production of the oldest living French composer, the immortal Auber. It is not original, it is not melodious, it is not scientific. *Cui bono* then? why should it have been written? why does it draw? why is the house filled? The answer is short: it was written for Madame Cabel, it is sung by Madame Cabel, it is acted by that charming woman and finished comédienne; and, as she hardly leaves the stage from the rising of the curtain to its final fall, it is quite certain that all Paris will rush to see, hear, and greet this Queen of the Boulevard. What more charming than that expressive face, that graceful figure, that well-turned ankle, shewn to such advantage in the peasant dress? And then as queen! the dignity of the monarch striving with the love of the woman, until Cupid conquers, as he always must. Again, the final struggle, when she thinks her heart has played her false, and that instead of wedding her equal she has given her hand to a simple peasant. All this is performed with such an absence of affectation, such a charm of manner, such a freedom from mannerism, such exquisite touches of nature, as to prove that Marie Cabel is entitled to take rank among the very first of those eminent artists who have adorned the French lyric stage. As to her singing, I shall not attempt to describe it. Such *tours de force*, such prodigies of agility, such good taste, such clearness and neatness of execution, must be heard, but defy description. Madame Cabel sings eight or ten times during the opera, is always encored more than twice, and her voice is as fresh at the conclusion as at the commencement. "Le Muletier de Tolède, c'est Madame Cabel" (excuse the Irishism), although she is well backed by M. Sujol as the muleteer, M. Cabel as Don Pedro, and MM. Ribes, Legrand, Mad. Vadé, and Mdlle. Garnier. The orchestra is good, and well conducted by M.

Deloffre. The choruses are well drilled, the scenery pretty, the *mise-en-scène* superb. There is also a good *corps de ballet*, who dance nicely. In short, nothing is wanting for the opera save originality in the *libretto*, and melody in the music—two very trifling omissions!

Jan. 2, 1855.

THE musical event of the week, and, indeed, the only novelty, consists in the *début* of Madame Angles-Fortuni, at the Grand-Opéra, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Madame Angles-Fortuni is of Spanish extraction, having been born at Badajoz, and educated at the Conservatoire of Madrid. Before she had completed her studies she was appointed professor of singing, and was in great favour as a performer at concerts. Feeling, however, that she had a vocation for the lyrical stage, she went to Italy, and studied hard for three years, refusing all offers from masters and managers, and preserving entire freedom to do what she chose. Encouraged by Rubini, she first appeared on the stage at the Opera in Milan, in the year 1852, since which she has sung at most of the large operas in Italy, including *La Fenice* at Venice, and *La Scala*, at Milan. She last sang at the Opera at Lisbon. She is now engaged at the Grand-Opéra, in Paris, for a term of two years, at a salary of 50,000 francs per annum, and will fill a void which has been open all the season. Young, pretty, with a dark olive complexion, large black eyes, magnificent hair, and a beautifully small foot, Madame Angles-Fortuni adds the beauty of expression to that of mere feature. As an artist she is accomplished and agreeable. Her voice is thin, clear, and flexible, with no extraordinary volume, but with very considerable compass. She sings with good taste, and with a knowledge of her art, and is exactly suited to such parts as the Queen of Navarre, in the *Huguenots*; the Princess, in *Robert le Diable*; or Bertha, in *L'Prophète*. In short, she is an accomplished *chanteuse légère*; and I trust the Opéra will be enabled, by her aid, to dispense with the further services of Mdlle. Delly, "pupil of Duprez," and Mdlle. Pouilly, "prima donna of Strasbourg." Madame Angles-Fortuni was very well received, and much and deservedly applauded. But what shall I say of the mode in which the opera was put on the stage? The lady had entreated that Gardoni might be her Edgardo, but M. Crozier was ill and absent, and his *locum tenens* insisted on giving her M. Poulthier. Poor lady! it was sad to see her linked to such a lover, surrounded by such dismal choristers in such faded dresses, and placed among such frosty decorations. Pah! the very air was sickly with the stale odours produced by such rags from an old clothes-shop.

Madame Stoltz has not found it convenient to pay the sum in which she would have been mulcted for giving up her engagement; and the management, conceiving that her *Fides* in the *Prophète* would prove a hit, it is more than probable that an arrangement, which is now in progress, will speedily be completed.

At the Opéra-Comique, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Le Pré aux Clercs*, and *Galathée*, with Madame Ugalde, still hold their ground. The success of *L'Etoile du Nord* is really unprecedented, and the following figures, as given by M. Fiorentino in the *feuilleton* of the *Constitutionnel*, are curious:—*L'Etoile du Nord* has now been performed eighty-six times, and these eighty-six representations have produced a sum of 445,421 francs 25 centimes, or an average of 5,179 francs 42 cents for each performance. Of this sum 40,473 francs go to the poor, and the authors' per centage amounts to 64,493 francs. This latter sum is divided between Mons. Scribe and Meyerbeer in equal proportions, and, adding that to the sum originally received from the management of the

Opéra, and for the right of publication, and also that produced by representations in this country, it will be seen that it is no bad thing to write and compose a successful opera in Paris. The management gave 20,640 francs for the new instruments they bought from Sax.

Talking of that celebrated and unrivalled manufacturer of everything pertaining to musical sound, I must recount the short and glorious campaign he has fought, and the memorable *coup d'état* he made on the morning of Friday last. He had long been aware that his patents were infringed by most of his fellow-manufacturers in Paris, but the culprits were so numerous that it was difficult to attack them all at once, and fighting them in detail would have been expensive and tardy. He, therefore, after much consideration, determined to remain quiescent until nearly the end of the year, and when they had a large stock on hand for the *jour de l'an*, to strike a blow final and decisive, at one and all. He was resolved to carry Nero's wish into execution, and at one stroke to decapitate all the musical instrument makers of Paris. Meanwhile he kept perfectly silent; none but himself would be his counsellor; and on Thursday last he applied to the Chief Commissary of Police, and requested that he would, next morning, at six o'clock, conduct to his bureau in the Place St. Georges, sixteen commissioners, sixteen *huissiers*, and thirty-two *adjoints*. The Commissary promised silence, and gave his orders to commissioners, *huissiers*, and *adjoints*, to rendezvous at the Bureau de Police at five next morning, but for what purpose he did not inform them. He conveyed them in cabs to Sax's house, the plan of campaign was prepared, and by seven o'clock a commissary of police, a *huissier*, and two *adjoints*, were in each of sixteen of the largest manufacturers' work-shops and counting-houses. They seized the instruments, made in infraction of Sax's patents, to the extent of 450,000 francs; one man having 65,000 francs' worth in his shops. The whole of these will be forfeited to Saxe, as soon as he procures the judgment of the tribunal to which he has appealed. Meanwhile, they are moving heaven and earth to make terms with him, and have already proffered a large sum to redeem their instruments and purchase peace. I heartily rejoice at the success of a most ingenious and worthy man, and one who has effected more improvements in musical instruments than all these rascally manufacturers put together.

Il Trovatore holds its ground firmly at the Italian Opéra. Its success is undeniable. I am glad to say that it draws money for Colonel Ragani, who sadly needed it. On Sunday week the trilogy of Berlioz, *L'Enfance du Christ*, and a new composition of which both words and music are by Berlioz, called *Le Dix Décembre*, are to be performed at the Italian Opéra. Considering the well-deserved success of the first work—considering the title and object of the second—and considering that the Emperor, Empress, and Court are expected, there will probably be an enormous house. Mad. Bosio has been in the provinces for a week or two, and has sung with considerable success at Amiens and other places. Signor Bettini is at Turin, where he has had a great reception as Raoul in the *Huguenots*.

The Théâtre-Lyrique fills with *Le Muletier*, so charmingly created by Madame Cabel; and *Der Freischütz* is in full rehearsal, to be performed on her off-nights. Mesdames Deligne-Lauters, and Meillet, fill the principal female parts, and it will probably be well done. The Revue at the Palais Royal, called *Les Binettes Contemporaines*, is clever and successful. Messrs. Levassor, Grassot, Hyacinthe, Gil-Perez, Mesdames Cico, Duverger, Almée Duval, Bramine, Dupuis, etc., form a combination of fun, drollery, beauty, legs, and diamonds, such as is

not often to be met with. *Les Parisiens* (originally called *Les Parisiens de la Décadence*, but the last three words struck out by order), written by M. Barrière, author of *Les Filles de Marbre*, has obtained a great success at the vaudeville. It is written in the spirit and with much of the biting wit of Beaumarchais, and lashes the follies and vices of the age with a most unsparing hand. *Félix* and *Delannoy*, among the men; *Clarisse Miroy* (known in London as *Clarisse*, especially engaged), *Luther*, and *St. Marc* among the ladies, best perform their parts. The *Gaité* is having an enormous run with *Les Cinq Cents Diables*, from the pens of MM. Dennery and Amher. *Alphonsine* is really charming, and there are about five hundred changes of scene, and tricks of every description and of immense ingenuity. Mad. Giradin's charming "vaudeville sans couplets," *Le Chapeau d'un Horloger*, and the neat rhyming play of *L'Ecole des Agneaux*, well performed by Berton, Dupuis, Laurentine, etc., fill the *Gymnase* night after night. The *Variétés* has nothing new, and is dull and stupid.

In the year 1854, 18 new operas, 17 comedies, 2 ballets, 24 dramas, a tragedy in one act, and vaudevilles without number, were produced in Paris. Of these the Opéra gave 2, the Théâtre-Français 11, the Opéra-Comique 5, Italian-Opéra 2, Odéon 10, Théâtre-Lyrique 11, Vaudeville 19, Gymnase 13, Variétés 50, Palais-Royal 28, Porte St-Martin 6, Gaité 7, Ambigu-Comique 13, Cirque 3, Folies Dramatiques 17, Délassemens-Comiques 25, Beaumarchais 10, Luxembourg 20, Choiseul 3.—Total 255.

ROSINA STOLTZ.

The following sketch, taken from the *France Musicale*, is from the pen of M. Giacomelli:—

All we know concerning the early years of Mad. Stoltz is, that she was placed by the kindness of the Duchess de Berry in a convent of Benedictine Nuns, in the Rue du Regard. The kindness of the Duchess is said to have arisen from the fact that the date of the child's birth corresponded with that of the Duke de Berry's death. We cannot say how much truth there is in this tradition, which is current in the artistic world. One thing, however, is certain: the patroness and her *protégée* have met with a very different destiny. Success, happiness, and glory have been the companions of the one; while great reverses, captivity and banishment, have tested the courage and resignation of the other. A throne seemed to be waiting for the Duchess de Berry, but it was Rosina Stoltz who really obtained one, and raised herself to it by the royalty of talent.

As the child evinced an inclination for music, she was taken, every day, by order of her royal patroness, to Choron's school, which has endowed the musical art with many eminent vocalists. This school produced Monpou, Adam, Dietrich, Janseine, and, especially, Duprez, who was destined to share the triumphs of Mad. Stoltz. All Choron's pupils may not have become great artists, but they have, at least, all proved excellent musicians.

At the early age of sixteen, Rosina Stoltz, impelled by irresistible inclination, first appeared on the stage in a *petite* comedy in verse, and a vaudeville. Her acting was not merely an effect of memory! it was even then, as those who were present acknowledged, an acquired art, the result of active reasoning. We have also been informed that the charming manner in which the young actress phrased and sang the couplets in the various vaudevilles in which she played, was particularly noticed.

A short time subsequently, Rosina Stoltz made her *début* at the Théâtre-Royal, Brussels, as Alice, in *Robert le Diable*, appearing successively as Gertrude, in *Le Maître de Chapelle*, Marguerite, in *Les Deux Reines*, Paquita, in *La Marquise*, and Petit-Jacques, in *La Pie Voleuse*. The year following, she boldly took the part of Rachel, in the *Jewess*.

It is not undesignedly that we have named some of the first works in which Mad. Stoltz appeared as a singer and actress. The commencement of the artist's career was, to speak plainly, a painful one—her theatrical life a struggle, and her talent but laboriously developed, while contending against adverse influences of various kinds. The

progress of her extraordinary talent followed a course parallel to the progress of the time. It began by a sort of eclecticism, by doubt and analysis. Raising herself afterwards, by degrees, to the highest regions of art, she has eventually ended by combining and blending in the same happy union the most opposite expressions and shades, which, to all appearance, are most contradictory. This furnishes us with the answer to the riddle, and the real explanation of Mad. Stoltz's talent. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this talent, this distinctive characteristic, to be—drama.

What, in fact, is drama, unless a creation founded upon the living reproduction of a real action; which, too, paints the world under all its various aspects, and represents it as it appears to us? It is beyond a doubt that the integrity of this kind of representation requires from the artist who takes a part in it marvellous suppleness, and comic as well as tragic genius. Drama must mix up all tones, without confusing any, and transform the changing and ever-varying actions of history and real life into one harmonious and luminous whole. Meditation, passion, reverie, illusion, devotion, heroism, error, repentance, remorse—in a word, everything that agitates the life of man, occupies in its natural position, and assumes the highest degree of significance.

This universality of the dramatic art, by which the young artist was able to profit at the very outset—thanks to the great flexibility and compass of her voice, which enabled her to sing with equal facility both *contralto* and *soprano* parts—is, in our opinion, one of the principal causes of the development of her grand and original talent. Even towards the close of the first two years she spent at Brussels, Rosina Stoltz began to be distinguished by the enlightened approbation of the critics, simultaneously with the applause of the public. The creation of the part of Rachel did her great honour. It was about this time that Nourrit went to play a few parts at Brussels. The great artist divined, without difficulty, in the young singer the germs of the most vigorous dramatic power, which, although still obscure, contained a splendid future, and from which that future was destined ere long to spring into life. Madame Stoltz's position in Paris was decided from that moment, and Nourrit undertook to obtain it for her. At last she appeared upon the stage where Madille Falcon still reigned supreme, and, in spite of this formidable propinquity, at once displayed her talent in its true colours. She made her *début* in *La Juive*.

It is very far from our intention to write a biographical study, instead of a critical article, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with this epitome, and, in what we have further to say, keep to those principal facts which stand out in the career of Madame Stoltz—authentic, positive, and leading facts, explaining the character of the artist as well as that of her creations.

It is no easy task to classify talent like that of Madame Stoltz. It is not sufficient to assign to any artist a certain style and school: it is also necessary to point out the bonds which connect him or her with the style and school to which he or she belongs. According to certain critics, more enamoured of the manifestations of dramatic beauty than desirous of studying its elements, Madame Stoltz's talent belongs to tragedy. This is, also, the opinion of a great many with whom tradition is a religion; art, a snail in its shell; and progress, a word devoid of sense. We must follow the latter closely on their own ground, and ask how it is that every artist of superior talent very soon leaps over the puerile barriers of Aristotle, and gives his talent new life and liberty? As for the persons of the first class, we shall easily be enabled to rescue them from the error in which they appear to be plunged. The want of precise ideas as to the nature and object of modern lyrical conceptions has, of course, greatly helped to warp their judgment.

We admit one branch of the dramatic art, severe, imposing and grand, both in idea and development; but why wish still to apply to this branch the worn-out title of tragedy? Why call the actors who devote themselves to it, *tragedians*? this branch of art, by the way, is no longer found isolated. The Real, which our hands touch and our hearts appreciate, and the Picturesque which our eyes behold, have also their privileges in modern dramatic works. The drama, at present, excludes nothing; the system of the lyric drama admits antique subjects quite as well as modern subjects; the real does not exclude the ideal; and the former, after descending from the heights where it has so long been balancing itself, feels the necessity of repairing its strength by terrestrial means. Our fathers accomplished great works, but they did not close the circle of perfection after them. Will the old men who drape themselves in their expression of "classic," explain what they mean by it? Do they mean to say that they will accept only the ancients and their models as guides? If that is their meaning, we are sorry for it, because, when their theories are applied they become strangely confused. To confine ourselves to the musical art and its interpreters of the present day, what can be less classical than those works in which, however, these

gentlemen applaud the pretended lyric *tragédien* of our own times? For instance, is the *Huguenots* to be compared with the lyrical tragedies of the past age? Do the stoical circumlocutions, the systematically achromatic pictures of the ancient style, at all resemble the precise, warm, and vigorous lines of the modern style? Has the *Favorite*, for instance, any points of similitude with Gluck's *Armida*, or Sacchini's *Oedipus in Colonna*? In sober truth, we suspect the classicist of a want of candour; it would tend much more to simplify the question, if they would express themselves categorically; they ought, supposing they wished to be consistent, not to applaud Mad. Stoltz, but, on the contrary, to criticise her severely.

No; the talent of Mad. Stoltz is not classical, and she herself, in spite of her progress, and in spite of the advice she received from the master of masters, is not a classical vocalist—a fact on which we, for our part, congratulate her sincerely. Her singing touches, moves, and transports you by forms quite new; her acting is quick, lively, and exciting, and plunges into the most secret recesses of the passion she is expressing; it goes home to the truth, it is the most complete dramatic transfiguration of our manners, customs, and sentiments, and is most intimately connected with them. To be brief, Mad. Stoltz excels in that power of expression which springs entirely from her own soul, and proceeds in a direct line to the soul of the spectator. When this is the case, what difference do a few irregularities or even excesses make? Does not genius sometimes deviate from the right road? Can its path and step be measured out for it? Such an idea is simply ridiculous. We might as well tell the stream that spreads its broad waves over the level country around, that it does wrong to pass its usual limits and indulge in such an excess.

We are here compelled to touch upon a question which has always struck us as puerile; we allude to the question of "schools." The classification either of works or artists appears to us a superfluous task, when works or artists are of superior merit. However, in the case of Madame Stoltz this task becomes almost a duty. Madame Stoltz is nothing less than the founder of a school; she has created a particular form, and given her name to certain dramatic characteristics. Her work is there to prove, by its monumental solidity, the rare vigour of the artist who created it, and her various creations form a complete whole, a type, a genius, and, to use the theatrical term, an *emploi*. We say at present the *Stoltz*, to designate the kind of parts she has created, as we still say, at the *Opéra-Comique*, the *Dugazon*, the *Trials*, and the *Martins*.

We have already given a partial sketch of the distinctive attributes of this school, the existence of which we suppose we must acknowledge. We will merely add, that it possesses no fixed and pre-determined rules, simply because it possesses all the rules ever known, and because it is connected by the closest bonds to the two great schools of Italy and France. Madame Stoltz, seconded, it is true, by the musical movement of the age, has found means to assimilate and blend the two.

One of the works in which Madame Stoltz appeared to the greatest advantage from this unitarian point of view is undoubtedly *La Favorite*. In the lyric art it is seldom that an artist can completely realise the doctrines she has created, and, above all, succeed in uniting them with one another, and summing them all up in a single work, without lessening or changing them, or without departing from the principles from which she originally set out.

Over-fastidious critics will still find fault with the creation, at the same time so tender and so vigorous, of Léonore, so mild, so weak, so pathetic; who allows herself to be drifted towards the flowery banks of love with such indolent *abandon*; who, like a true Castilian as she is, at first asks from the affections only their secret joys and passing bliss, but who, can, at the last hour, assert her right to its sublime heroism. Léonore was not, perhaps, a type in the minds of the authors, and hence arises the great difficulty in tracing out the part, the action of which is not developed until the last act. Besides this, the part of Léonore was not written originally for Mad. Stoltz, and it was necessary to remodel the melodies, revise the concerted pieces, and, in fact, provide a new musical ground on which the artist's talent might manoeuvre with freedom. The artist, however, triumphed over all these obstacles. It is in this part that Mad. Stoltz has infused the greatest amount of that sorrowful passion, which is smothered by the icy hand of the world; it is upon this confused and undecided groundwork that Mad. Stoltz has sketched so clear, vigorous, and beautiful an outline. The sketch is the result of a highly intelligent organization, energetic judgment, and simple and profound sentiment: we recognise in it the artist who knows her own strength, who sees with her own eyes, and can render clearly the tones she perceives, as well as the artist who can model, dispose, light up a thought, and endow it with life. *La Favorite* thus conceived assumes a definite signification; it is the fall of a woman, and her redemption—a veil whose two extremes are white and

pure, one of them being raised by the hand of Innocence, and the other by that of Forgiveness.

Moreover, the artist has done wonders with the music of the score. To look at the notes themselves, it is surprising what spirit she throws into them. From this mixed composition, in which the tones of Italian melody, and the tints of French dramatic music are confounded and huddled up together, she has extracted the richest effects, and placed them in the strongest light. Such is the miracle performed by the genius of Mad. Stoltz in *La Favorite*; such the power she owes to the varied character of her resources. We could cite many other instances, were it not time for us to stop and sum up. All the creations of Mad. Stoltz are sisters; about them all there exists a perfect likeness, at least a family air, which causes us to acknowledge them the heroines of the piece. But it does not follow that, because the generating power is the same, its productions are identical. We repeat, however, that agreement, *ensemble*, and unity, are the characteristics of the artist. If the school of Mad. Stoltz possesses in our eyes a particular value, it is from putting forward in a strong light the unity of spirit characterising the modern lyrical element.

Now, this school is certainly the only one which suits the temper of our own times; it is directly connected with the progress we have made, and the progress we have yet to make. Out of the most opposite elements, out of scattered systems and floating theories, its tendency is to raise itself to the idea of one single motive, everywhere present in the world of art.

Mad. Stoltz will have done her share by laying one of the first stones of the new edifice. The present age knows this, and posterity will not forget it.

HENRY LITOLFF.

(From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

FIFTEEN or sixteen years ago a young man, about nineteen years of age, arrived at Brussels, and expressed to me his desire to play at the concerts of the Conservatoire. I granted his request. He offered himself then only as a pianist. Though a pupil of Moscheles, he had but few of the characteristics of his school, and was not remarkable for the correctness of his mechanism; but he had fire, energy, and inspiration, which gave his playing a decided character of originality. He produced a very fair impression on his audience. This young man's name was Henry Litolff.

Well received at Brussels, he remained there, I think, about two years. During this time his intelligence became developed, and his musical ideas enlarged. He conceived the idea of a Symphony-Concerto, in which the orchestra was not merely to play the part of accompanist, but was equally divided with the pianoforte. Litolff then knew harmony only by instinct, and had no experience in instrumentation; nevertheless, what he did not know theoretically he knew instinctively. His work was full of original ideas and new effects. He begged me to let him hear it himself first: perhaps he did not exactly know what he had written for the public; but he had boldness—a qualification indispensable to talent. He found me—what I have always been, what I will ever be to young artists—encouraging, and quite disposed to satisfy his wish. At the first rehearsal, I saw there was something for the future; the success of the performance proved that I was not deceived.

A short time after, Litolff left Brussels to travel. Where he went, and what he did, during the first years, I am ignorant of, for I lost sight of him. I saw, however, by the musical journals that he was twice in Holland. In 1843 he was at Frankfort, the following year at Leipzig, in 1845 at Dresden and Berlin, where he gave seven or eight concerts, and in 1848 at Vienna. The same journals had mentioned his bringing out at Brunswick two operas, named *La Fiancée de Kynast* and *Catherine Howard*; but they mentioned nothing of the talent which I had noted, and spoke only of the artist. Several years had elapsed, when I received, in the midst of the political agitations that were passing round me, an overture composed by Litolff for the German drama of the *Girondins*. The author had dedicated it to me as a *souvenir*, and at the same time wrote me a few lines, in which our old acquaintance was mentioned in grateful terms. I examined the score with interest, and found great originality, immense progress in the art of writing, and an instrumentation rich in effects. Nevertheless, I dared not have this work performed, owing to the revolutionary airs that were inserted and developed in it. The time did not appear to me favourable. Latterly, I acknowledge, I forgot all about it, so that the overture to the *Girondins* was unknown in Brussels until very lately.

Arriving here last November, after fourteen years' absence, Henry Litolff performed at the Conservatoire, on the 26th, his fourth symphony-concerto, which, with the immense orchestra of that institution, made a great impression on an audience of two thousand persons. Since then, he gave a concert himself, where he played his third symphony-concerto, as well as his fourth. The concert terminated with the overture to the *Girondins*. All these works were received with unanimous and enthusiastic applause. A second concert has been announced, and the new programme contains some new compositions, among which is the overture composed by Litolff to Griepenkerl's tragedy of *Robespierre*. Already the announcement of the concert has caused a sensation in the musical world of Brussels, where Litolff has found himself thoroughly appreciated.

It is not for Belgium alone that I write these lines, it is for France and Germany; for the latter above all, because Germany is at this moment at a dangerous crisis in a musical point of view. While her painters, her sculptors, and her architects are elevating themselves by the greatest conceptions, and are not less remarkable for beauty of form than for greatness of thought, her musicians of genius have disappeared by degrees, and the uncertain taste of the nation is exposed to vacillations from different motives equally hurtful. Among the Germans of our time—it is with music as with philosophy—it seems that there is for music, as for absolute truth, a great problem to be solved by the despairing crowd; while the fanatics of opposite systems declare themselves to be alone the possessors of the required solution. For one party of these sectarians, the past is but the preparation for the future, the beautiful of former times has value but in its own period. In their works is the perfection sought only to be found. It is true that the public does not agree with them; but this is nothing, for they simply say to the public, "The mass is by nature unintelligent; you are so, and therefore you are not capable of understanding. It is not therefore for you that we write our works, but for the future!" Poor future! You will be exceedingly amusing if you hug yourself with the idea of all that is destined for you. But you will not be more stupid than the present generation, and you will not recall to your remembrance the great efforts that were made for you.

Art is not science: it is not destined to be understood but to be felt, because it is not the true, but the beautiful. The art which cannot be understood is absurd, because its destiny is to be popular.* I know well those of whom I speak do not fail to say to every one, that Beethoven was not understood till after his death; and they have so often repeated this fable that they have ended by believing it. But it is an untruth, for the illustrious artist, little conciliating in character, was occupied all his life in avoiding the numerous testimonies of admiration which poured upon him from all sides. He was an object of veneration to the whole of the city of Vienna, and even the porters, sinking beneath the weight of their burdens, stood aside with respect to let him pass when they met him in the streets. Want of faith alone is the reproach to the Parisians for not having understood the symphonies of Beethoven till he slept in his tomb. The first time that the symphony in C minor, the *Eroica*, the one in A, and the *Pastorale* were played at the *Société des Concerts*, nothing was heard but expressions of admiration; they made a perfect *furore*. Never before had these works been heard in Paris.

I have said it a hundred times, and I say it again, that music is not the product of the faculty of conception, but that of the imagination in the synthesis of idea and sentiment. If, then, the members of this party who aspire to become a school have produced nothing that is popular, it is that their imagination has been wanting.

It is that which distinguishes Litolff from them; of him, it may be said that he is a poet—that he feels; that he has ideas, inspiration, and charm. By these he appears to me to have all the German talent for instrumental music. I know well that he has great faults: he does not know how to end. He repeats too often not only the same ideas, but the same forms of ideas. The tendency to colouring is foremost in his thoughts. Lastly, his genius—for we can use this word in speaking of him—like every other genius, shows the influence of his own times, which tends to exaggeration; but all this is set aside by his originality—by the abundance of his resources—by the charm of peculiar phrases—and by the excellence of his effects in instrumentation, which are less the result of experience than of intuition.

I say then with confidence, there is a great musician in Germany, and his name is Henry Litolff. (Who is an Englishman.—ED.)

FÉTIS.

* With deference to M. Fétis, this seems to be a contradiction.—ED. M. W.

INDIVIDUALITY IN MUSIC.

It is only by means of individuality that Truth and Beauty ever succeed in attaining that material embodiment which we look upon as the uninterrupted revelation of the Divine in art. Even in science, the higher class of truths, the agitum of which is not effected by sensual perception, but is based upon ideas, gain the convincing power they exercise over us, only by their reappearance in the mental individualities that receive and reproduce them. There are certain great and general truths, which are, and always have been, the property of every civilized people on the face of the globe, and whose germs exist even among nations in a primitive state. It was, probably, the seeming simplicity of such truths that gave rise to the assertion, which it justifies in a certain sense, that no new discovery is to be made in the realm of ideas or the domain of elevated spiritual perception. Yet how new do these ideas appear in every great mind in which they are reflected, and which impresses its own peculiar stamp upon them; how often do we see them, in this mental reflection and transformation, throwing out a new principle of life, which breaks through the surrounding shadow of the Earthly, and forming new relations with respect to the primitive Spirit from which all light proceeds, and who rules every thing that has being!

In art, however, it is not mental conception alone, but more especially the gift of form, which obtains a high position only by the impress of individuality (peculiarity and style).

We thus have spiritual life presented to us as a well-defined picture, in which deathlike generality, objective stubbornness, and coldness of ideas appear overpowered, and the sense of being is displayed in a new view of the world. Originality, peculiarity, personal seclusiveness, and individual life, are, therefore, the primary conditions of this spiritual activity, especially in art. It is only in this manner that the mind becomes endowed with life; that the entirety of thought and feeling, before abstracted, attains living and significant unity, and that the abstract idea is appreciated, as a material form, a picture, an actual representation.

Whenever we find a genial individuality at work in art, a new world of thought is immediately open to us; the ever-active spirit of truth raises us quickly from out our first feeling of astonishment; with rapture do we perceive the elevated ideas, to which we anxiously cling, illuminated by a new light, and glittering with additional brilliancy; we see the inexhaustible principle of life with all the treasures of the various appearances it can assume, pass before us in new pictures and forms; many a depth, hitherto unobserved, is revealed to us by astonishing relations and combinations, and joyfully do we celebrate the triumph of beauty and light. Even when the genial workman delights in plunging into the abysses of nature, and, deeply shaken by the discords of the moral world, finds a pleasure in displaying the latter to us in moving pictures and lamentations—out of the beauty of the pictures, and the very harmony of the lamentations, arises that feeling of reconciliation, which never is, or can be, wanting to any true work of art.

But it is not by genial or creative minds alone that art works upon life; there can be but few such, and when any art has reached its most flourishing period, in any particular epoch of a nation's civilization, if it has exhausted the treasures of form, or the power of expression of its peculiar organ on entering its epigaeum, we cheerfully greet the mock suns that rise in our horizon, just as, during the sway of the great masters, we willingly acknowledge their most distinguished pupils, and welcome lesser talents, who are able to excite us mentally, and are endowed with the power of artistic form; for the arts and sciences are the arteries of man's intellectual life, and no educated nation can exist without the constant motion of those vital channels; the secure possession, and constantly recurring enjoyment of the genial lords of art is not sufficient for us: intellectual life does not stand still a single instant; it is an uninterrupted course of development, and whatever new treasures it seizes and works up, from day to day, out of the inexhaustible stores of nature,

are spiritually reflected and illuminated in the mirror of art, and, availing ourselves of this fact, we endeavour to accommodate the spirit of the times to the riches of eternal thought and feeling in our breasts.

Here, then, does individuality again appear in full force, for it is by individuality alone that a work of art obtains life and credit, and if the individuality impressed on it is not a pleasing one, the work must be all the more interesting, and, of itself, more capable of exciting us mentally, if it can fix our attention; and all the more full of soul and inspiration, if it can move us.

Any dry work of the understanding, although based on the most profound study of art, and treating of the most interesting moments and problems of intellectual life, if art is merely employed as the handmaiden of the mental intention, without being inspired by enthusiastic individuality, can never succeed in attracting and permanently engrossing the attention of a large audience, and, just in the same manner, the warmest sentiment, gushing into the noblest and most correct artistic forms, will be incapable of extorting from us lasting life, and pleasurable devotion, if it be not lighted up by a spark of soul. For my own part, I am less contented with the dry works of thought, with the laboured samples of theories, and with the pretensions and inflated productions of modern purpose-art, and their glaring outward effects, even when they are not poor in spiritual excitement, and expensive combinations of tone, than with the works of those noble spirits who, like Spohr, aware of the limits of their talent, do not attempt to scale the heavens, but, forming themselves after some sublime model, endeavour, above all things, to render themselves completely masters of the secret of the beautiful in art, and introduce us to a world of warm feelings with grateful harmony and soft melodious tones. Even in material music, the individuality of the artist is the deciding cause of the effect produced by him. If he executes works of his own composition, we must allow that he conceives them correctly, and our judgment of his works is identical with the decision to which we come, with regard to the correctness of his conception of them. If the work is empty, void and deficient in character, the most perfect technical execution, and the most truthful and careful rendering of his intentions will not invest it with the slightest importance. On the other hand, however, it very frequently happens that an instrumentalist, who, as a composer, can command only commonplaces, and melodic phrases and arabesques, wherewith to express his feelings, succeeds in producing the most extraordinary efforts by what is termed his "play." That which in such cases so magnetically works upon us, is the complete self-sacrifice made by a warm and inspired soul to the composition into which it unreservedly pours itself. The greater the peculiarity, depth, warmth, passion, enthusiasm, melancholy, humour, childish innocence, and sparkling fun, with which such a soul is represented to us by the performer's execution, the more will it attract, overpower and captivate us. The same holds good, when the instrumentalist plays the work of another, supposing that, without any pretensions to a higher signification and more elevated artistic beauty, it has been written by the composer merely for the sake of finding a vent for his feelings in tune, and affording the virtuoso an opportunity of shewing off his powers of execution in a piquant, bold, or elegant manner.

In this case the performer will not be able to produce any very great effect, unless, besides truly conceiving the sentiment expressed in the work, he does not himself feel, and, so to speak, reproduce it from his own soul. Even a certain peculiarity of conception, marked by true and warm sentiment alone, if it does not encroach too much upon the fundamental idea of the composition, and works in combination with the power of individuality, will spoil nothing, while anxious acquiescence in each discernible intention of the composer, will prove totally ineffective, when the soul of the performer himself is not actually engaged.

Whenever classical compositions are to be played, the task of the executant is doubly important, and requires much greater care. The performer must penetrate deeply into the spirit of

he work, correctly conceiving and truly rendering its signification; both as regards the idea and the feeling which pervades it: his whole soul, too, must be thrown into his task, and stream, as it were, into the composer's work. This requires complete abnegation of self, and the suppression of the common desire to add anything original, or create a sensation by any technical effect, as well as, at the same time, a perfect devotion to the work and reproduction of it from the performer's own soul, through love and enthusiasm.

In the execution of vocal or instrumental works for several performers, the individuality of the conductor is everything. What this is capable of effecting may be appreciated by those persons who heard Nicolai conduct the Philharmonic Concerts.

To embue all the members of a large orchestra with just and delicate comprehension of the compositions of genius; to form out of mechanism and technicality a living organisation in which warm pulses beat, and not only to impart to the heterogeneous colossus one's own inspiration, but, by means of it, to encircle its various parts with a connecting bond, which elevates them to one equally inspired Whole, in which the picture that the conductor, full of devoted love, has formed in his own breast, shall be perfectly and warmly reflected, is a task seldom accomplished, and one which only eminent musical individuality, that understands the works of genius, and, by a complete sacrifice of self, has made them its own, can and will successfully carry out.

NOTICE.

In accordance with a new Postal Regulation, it is absolutely necessary that all copies of THE MUSICAL WORLD, transmitted through the post, should be folded so as to expose to view the red stamp.

It is requested that all letters and papers for the Editor be addressed to the Editor of the Musical World, 28, Holles Street; and all business communications to the Publishers, at the same address.

CORRESPONDENTS are requested to write on one side of the paper only, as writing on both sides necessitates a great deal of trouble in the printing.

To ORGANISTS.—The articles on the new organs, published in the volume for 1854, will be found in the following numbers: 28, 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 42, 45, 47, 49, 51.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6TH, 1855.

In our last Number we were compelled to decline inserting any further letters connected with the Harmonic Union and its affairs, unless as advertisements. We felt inclined, indeed, to adopt this precaution more than a month ago; but, as statements had appeared reflecting on the veracity of certain "Directors," it was impossible to refuse those gentlemen the advantage of setting themselves right with the public. This sort of thrust and parry, parry and thrust, however, may be carried on to the end of the present volume, and to the ultimate dissolution of the Harmonic Union, even as a body protesting in the face of evidence that it still exists and flourishes. The line of demarcation must be drawn somewhere. We have drawn it, and intend to stick to it. It would be absurd to expect at our hands the publication and redress of the grievances and complaints of every individual amateur who may take upon himself—unaided, or in conjunction with one or two confederates—

the name and title of "Harmonic Union." Our readers would not thank us; nor would it be just to our advertising department, the proper arena for all such statements and misstatements, counter and miscounter statements.

Moreover, we must own that we are heartily tired of the affair, which appears to be little better than a squabble about matters of no public interest whatsoever, and of little consequence to any but the parties immediately concerned, and Mr. Benedict, the ex-director of the society, who, though *the most substantially concerned*, has, in that gentlemanly and conciliating spirit for which he is as noted as for his eminent musical acquirements, refrained from troubling us altogether. One letter only has been addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World* by Mr. Benedict; and this, thinking the matter had been amicably or legally arranged, we thought it better not to print. But, in answer to our "notice" of last week, we have been favoured with a very pressing communication from Mr. Newton, one of the Directors of the late "Harmonic Union," insisting so strongly on his right of reply to the "explanations" of Messrs. Roodhouse and Stroud, that, for once and for the last time, we shall yield the point, and thus make an end of it in earnest, without one single "interrupted cadence" more. As a commentary to Mr. Newton's letter, nevertheless, we must in duty append that of Mr. Benedict, which happens to be still in our possession, and does not in all respects strictly tally with the argument of the other. Mr. Newton writes as follows:—

THE HARMONIC UNION.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

24, Granville Square, Jan. 1, 1855.

SIR,—I quite agree with you in your notices to correspondents, that your space can be occupied with something more generally interesting to the public than the squabbles of members of the above Society; but as you have inserted a letter from Messrs. Roodhouse and Stroud, which contains an untruth, and reflects upon the honour and integrity of the remaining directors of that Society, I claim, as an act of justice, that you give me, as one of those directors, an opportunity of replying to it. It was not any of the *present* directors that thrust the concerns of the Society before the public in the pages of the *Musical World*, and, therefore, I think you have no right to deny me an opportunity of replying to a statement that has not only been published in the *Musical World*, but which has been most industriously circulated among the profession by means of *the very type set up for your own use*. The only point to which I think it absolutely necessary to reply is that relating to Mr. Benedict's claim.

It is asserted that the present directors intended to repudiate this debt, and that the retiring directors voluntarily took it upon themselves. This is totally devoid of truth, and I most unhesitatingly deny that the directors ever dreamed of repudiating Mr. Benedict's claim. In fact, by a resolution of the board, I was instructed to wait on Mr. Benedict, and explain to him that as Messrs. Lockyer, Stroud, Roodhouse, and others, had not paid their quota to meet the outstanding liabilities, he could at that time be settled with, and, after some further conversation, I offered to Mr. Benedict to write him a cheque, there and then, for the shares of Messrs. Stainforth, Lias, Jennings, and myself, if he would give me a receipt freeing those gentlemen. This, however, he declined to do, and I was obliged to leave him with a promise that I would endeavour to arrange something with the other directors to clear off his claim.

An arrangement was subsequently proposed to the defaulting directors by Mr. Lias, whereby they were to take upon themselves certain liabilities, among which Mr. Benedict's debt was one.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

W. E. NEWTON,
Director of the Harmonic Union.

From the above, any ordinary intelligence would arrive at the conviction that Mr. Benedict had either got his due, or was tolerably sure of getting it. Let his own statement—dated December 19, 1854—be heard:—

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

SIR.—In consequence of my name having frequently appeared of late in your columns, with reference to the transactions of the Harmonic Union, I beg of your courtesy to insert the following statement in your next number. It is perfectly true that I wrote the letter which appeared in the *Musical World* of December 16,* though I did not agree to the arrangement therein contained until after repeated and fruitless applications to the Hon. Secretary, during a period of six months. It is also a curious but undeniable fact, that, up to this day (December 19—we answer for nothing since.—ED.), I have not received any remuneration whatever for the last four concerts, though the season 1854 terminated on the 3rd of May. Without at all entering into other grievances which I may have against the former directors of that Society, I feel it due to the ladies and gentlemen comprising the chorus of the Harmonic Union to express again my heartfelt thanks for their unremitting zeal, and for their kind feelings towards me. I entertain the hope, that energetic steps will immediately be taken to reconstitute the Harmonic Union on an entirely independent and firm basis, when nothing would give me greater satisfaction, than to devote my services to its complete and permanent success.† Sir, your most obedient servant,

JULES BENEDICT.

Deo. 19. 2, Manchester-square.

If the statements of Mr. Newton and Mr. Benedict can be reconciled, we shall be glad; but whether or not, we must from this moment retire from the controversy, other subjects of more genial and instant importance imperatively demanding our attention.

AFTER all that has been said and written about the new organ which Mr. Hill has built for the Panopticon, we are bound to confess our astonishment that it has been put to no better uses up to the present moment. Still more are we surprised, when we reflect that such an artist as Mr. W. T. Best has been appointed organist *in perpetuity*. With these preliminaries—a great instrument and a great performer—what was more naturally to be looked for than great music? and would not this have been a most legitimate and solid feature of attraction? Where science is so honourably represented, why should art be degraded? Unfortunately this is too strictly the case. The Reverend Gentleman to whom the management is entrusted entertains a notion that the oftener the organ is played upon the greater will be its vogue; and that the more trifling and ephemeral the music, the better will the public be satisfied. That these are delusions may be gathered from the fact, that the organ has been voted little short of a nuisance.

Why, it may be asked, does not Mr. Best himself remonstrate?—since, though Mr. Best's whole time is at the disposal of directors, they must surely believe him to be a competent authority in his department, or they would not have engaged his services at very considerable expense. If even Mr. Best were enjoined to perform the real organ-music of Händel, Bach, and Mendelssohn from time to time (once in the morning, and once in the evening, at least), which would interest and draw to the Panopticon a large number of amateurs, there would be something to show for the cost of the player and the instrument. But nothing of the sort. Mr. Best is set down to “illustrate” the *Battle of Alma*, and the six-and-twenty “dissolving views” of *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp!* Fancy such things, accompanied by music on the organ, solus—and such an organ, too, as that of Mr. Hill!

On the several occasions we have attended at the Panop-

* This was not, let it be remembered, addressed to the *Musical World*.—ED.

† It is necessary to remind the reader that this was written before anything was known of the negotiations with Herr Molique.—ED.

ticon (for the solitary purpose of listening to the organ and its talented exponent), we have heard nothing but “arrangements,” and bagatelles that should never be played upon the “king of instruments” at all. And yet we have had plenty of opportunities; and, moreover, at all sorts of hours. Between noon and half-past 4, four various “sittings”; between 7 and 10 P.M., three various “sittings”—and all the time not a shadow of a fugue, a prelude, or a sonata! This is utterly disgraceful. It is unjust to Mr. Hill, the builder; it is unjust to Mr. Best, the professor; it is unjust to the organ, as a noble piece of workmanship; and unjust to the Panopticon, as a *dépôt* for the exhibition of science and art, which ought to have nothing in common with the conventional clap-trap, “condescensions,” vulgarities, and puerilities of casinos and raree-shows.

M. CHARLES HALLÉ has been in town. *On dit*, that one of the Directors of the Philharmonic Society was deputed, or deputed himself, to “offer” the well-known pianist the vacant rostrum of Mr. Costa, but that M. Hallé could not decide until he had consulted his friends at Manchester, and the committee of the Concert Hall, M. Hallé being Conductor of the “Gentlemen's Concerts.” Mr. Benedict has also been mentioned in connection with another of the Philharmonic Directors; Herr Molique with another: Mr. Alfred Mellon with another; and Mr. G. Anderson with another. If these reports have any real foundation, there must have been no less than seven “offers” made—an “offer” by each particular Director. M. Sainton “offered” M. Berlioz; Mr. —— “offered” Dr. Spohr; Mr. —— “offered” M. Hallé; Mr. —— “offered” Mr. Benedict; Mr. —— “offered” Herr Molique; Mr. —— “offered” Mr. Alfred Mellon; and —— “offered” Mr. G. Anderson. Every Director must, therefore (if this be “sooth”), have had a Conductor in his eye, and “offered” him.

The cause of Mr. Costa's resignation (he carries away his own stick, leaving merely the rostrum), has not been published; but the “40 members” have a right to be made acquainted with it; and, if they do not *insist* upon knowing, they are simply 40 very “soft” professors—to say nothing harder of them. The instant we are informed, we shall inform our readers. Meanwhile, the announcement of the concerts has not yet appeared in the papers. We are all on the look-out; for this is a very important matter—in a smaller and more peaceful sphere, indeed, almost tantamount to Lord Raglan resigning the command of the Crimean army.

GRISI AND MARIO.—It was curious, the other night, to see how the supposed last operatic performance brought out of their retreats unaccustomed celebrities to hear *once*, at all events, Grisi and Mario. Great poets, historians, lawyers, governors-elect, and *lions* of all kinds shook their distinguished manes in the redolent air of the gay assemblage. We were quite struck with this, as with the great number of venerable, silvery heads, that alternated, like “shocks of corn fully ripe,” with the roses and lilies and carnations of the operatic flower-field.—*New York Musical World*.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI.—In the *Huguenots* it is still Mdlle. Cravelli who attracts the crowd. If it is impossible for the magnificent voice of this *cantatrice* to gain anything in amplexus and puissance, it would seem, at least, that her talent as a singer and actress rises with each performance. On Wednesday last she was more beautiful and striking than ever, and the accustomed ovations were bestowed upon her.—*France Muscale*.

MR. TRUST has been appointed organist of St. Mary's Church, Paddington.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

DESPITE the peculiar attractions of the theatres at Christmas times, and notwithstanding that everybody in London must have gone once at least to Drury Lane during the series of concerts, the vogue of M. Jullien's entertainments has lost little or nothing by the new period chosen, or the change of locality. Covent Garden—making allowance for the difference in the size of the two houses—is as crowded every night, after Christmas, as was Drury Lane before. The excellence of the performances remains undiminished; or rather, we should say, betokens improvement, inasmuch as Madame Pleyel, the celebrated pianist, and Herr Ernst, the renowned violinist, have both been added to M. Jullien's corps.

M. Jullien's second series of concerts commenced on Friday in last week. The Royal Italian Opera had undergone such extensive alterations that it was difficult to recognise it. Either from hurry or want of judgment, several mistakes were committed the first night, not at all advantageous to M. Jullien's inaugural performance. In the first place, there was not half light enough. The magnificent chandelier, suspended over the centre of the pit, was not allowed to send forth one of its thousand jets of gas. The candelabra which afforded light to the grand tier were removed altogether, and, in short, the front of the house seemed in total eclipse. Around and behind the orchestra the light was abundant, and there was no room for complaint; but the boxes with their dark crimson curtains demanded the relief of the most brilliant light. In the reading-room great dissatisfaction arose from the circumstance of the newspapers being removed, after the first part of the performance, to make room for the refreshments, and murmurs of discontent were heard on all sides. We are glad to say that all was remedied on the following night. The magnificent chandelier, as on the nights of the opera, filled the theatre with its ten hundred gas lights, and with its myriads of reflections from the glassdrops; the lustres were restored to the grand tier; and an immense improvement was effected, and great lightness obtained by covering the dark crimson hangings of the boxes with white open-worked muslin curtains. Moreover, the reading-room was transferred to the green-room; so that those who eat and drank, and those who read and thought, had no chance of coming into collision. In all other respects Covent Garden, fitted up for M. Jullien's concerts, now presents the same aspect as Drury Lane did a short time since. The management of the orchestra, and general decorations, are identical.

The programme of the first night specified two novelties—Madame Pleyel's first appearance, and the first performance of the "Pantomime Quadrille," written expressly by M. Jullien for the time and the occasion. In everything else the Covent Garden programme was a *fac-simile* of the Drury Lane programme. An overture was given, a movement from a symphony was introduced, Madame Anna Thillon sang, a selection from a popular opera was performed, the whole interspersed with dance music, the most acceptable of which was the "Allied Armies' Quadrille"—one of the most characteristic and exciting of M. Jullien's works of this class.

Madame Pleyel's appearance, of course, constituted the feature of the concert. The distinguished pianist was received with thunders of applause, and looked in excellent health and spirits. She selected two pieces—*Les Patineurs* and the *Tarantella* of Liszt—which, it is not too much to say, she has made entirely her own. Her execution of both of these *morceaux* was quite wonderful. Such perfect command of the resources of the instrument, so much *finesse* and delicacy combined, so pearly a touch, such finish, such brilliancy and freedom, have rarely, indeed, been combined in the same pianist. Madame Pleyel was encored unanimously and enthusiastically in both pieces. She repeated *Les Patineurs*, but declined the *Tarantella*, M. Jullien making an apology for her on the score of fatigue, Madame Pleyel having arrived from Brussels only a few hours before the performance. That the celebrated pianist will be one of M. Jullien's very greatest "acquisitions," we need not say.

The "Pantomime Quadrille" was a happy conception of M. Jullien, and has been developed with felicity. M. Jullien has taken for his themes some of the most familiar nursery

airs—such as "Boys and Girls come out to play," "Little Bo-peep has lost his sheep," and "See-saw, Margery Daw." To them he has added the comic tunes of "Hot Codlings," "Tippitwitchet," and "Pop goes the Weazel." In "Boys and girls come out to play," dovetailed with "Little Bo-peep"—constituting figure 1 of the quadrille—there are some highly ingenious "imitations." In figure 2—"Hot Codlings"—there are "reeling" variations for flageolet, flute, oboe, and fagotto, for Messrs. Colinet, Pratten, Lavigne, and Baumann. We prefer the "See Saw" Quadrille—figure 3—to any of the others. The instrumentation is expressive of the swaying motion suggested by the name of the tune. In the fourth figure—"Tippitwitchet"—a real pantomimic effect is produced by the members of the orchestra sneezing, snoring, gaping, and laughing *ad libitum*. In the fifth figure—"Pop goes the Weazel"—Herr König produces an irresistible effect by his performance on the penny trumpet. The whole quadrille was listened to with delight, and applauded unanimously at the end. The applause continuing without cessation for some minutes, M. Jullien repeated the last figure.

On Tuesday, Herr Ernst made his first appearance. With a performer less eminent and less popular, the place to which the great German violinist was appointed in the programme might have endangered success. He played in the second part, and chose the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto. Mad. Pleyel had previously performed Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor with immense effect, being encored in the last movement. Herr Ernst, however, was not likely to be affected by any amount of favour bestowed previously. He is too much of a favourite with the public, whom he has delighted for years, and for whom his playing has invariably a charm beyond that of any other living violinist. His reception was enthusiastic in the extreme. Had Beethoven written the concerto expressly for the performer, he could not have adapted it with more art and more felicity to his fervour, his profound feeling, and true majesty of style. Herr Ernst is the real poet of the violin, and in no other composition of the great Beethoven, perhaps, is there displayed more intensity of expression, warmth of colouring, and variety—the essentials of poetry in every art. The *cadenza* introduced by Herr Ernst is original, ingenious, and of extraordinary difficulty—besides being admirably in keeping with the text—the first desideratum in a *cadenza*. The execution of this *cadenza* was marvellous. The applause at the conclusion was genuine and flattering, and the "grand artist" was unanimously received into the orchestra.

Madame Anna Thillon sang a new Spanish canzonetta, "Il Contrabandista," with such charm and *naïveté* as to elicit an encore. Instead of repeating the canzonetta, however, she gave "Minnie," which we think was a mistake.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION.—The second concert of the season of the above Institution took place on Wednesday evening last, and a more delightful concert has seldom been held, even in the Hanover-square Rooms. The principal attractions were Mad. Clara Novello, Miss Messent, with her promising pupil Mdlle. Julie Mouat, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Bolton, Mr. Farquharson, and Mr. Sims Reeves, with Mr. Frank Mori as conductor. Mad. Clara Novello was as effective as ever in Verdi's air from *Ernani*; as she was also in the duet from *Rigoletto* with Mr. Sims Reeves. Miss Messent sang very sweetly the ballad from *Marianna*, "Scenes that are brightest," and was encored in "The march of the Cameron men." Mr. Sims Reeves gave "Fra poco" in a glorious manner, and created an uproar of applause in Mr. Frank Mori's new patriotic song, "Strew roses." Mdlle. Julie Mouat sang "Vanne disse," from *Roberto Il Diavolo*, and "Des strauschen," both of which were much applauded. Messrs. M. Smith, Bolton, and Farquharson, each gave general satisfaction in the pieces allotted to them. A *terzetto* by Cooke, "Dare the foe invade our land," the *quartetto* from *Don Pasquale*, "E rimasti," were well sung and very effective under the able conducting of Mr. Frank Mori. The room was inconveniently crowded.

MISS STABBACH, who has been singing with much success at Leipsic, Bremen, and other German cities, has returned to London after an absence of three months.

REVIEWS.

"GRAND SONATA," for two performers on the pianoforte. Composed by Carl Ewer. Op. 51. G. Scherbaum.

A well-written work, fluent and orderly, but not by any means "grand." A "grand sonata," however, we suppose means a sonata in four movements; "complete sonata" would nevertheless be a more befitting general title. For example, Beethoven's pianoforte sonata, Op. 111, which has only two movements and a fragment of introduction, is one hundred times "grander" than this four-movement sonata of Herr Ewer. It has, nevertheless, merit, if not originality—there is a nice memory of Mozart in it—and can do good to learners of moderate skill. The first movement in C major is flowing, though square-cut, and something too lengthy for the interest of the themes. The *scherzo*, in A minor—with a nice smack of Beethoven's earlier manner—is spirited and satisfactory. The *andante*, in F, A flat, A major and F—with a nice smack of Spohr—is pretty, but too short for so many keys. The *roudo* in C, is a lively, animated, neatly-composed and old-fashioned *allegro non troppo*. There is one great merit in this "grand sonata"; it cannot be accused of any resemblance to Mendelssohn from one end of it to the other. It is, in short, whole-some music, if not very fresh, bright, surprising, or invigorating.

"THE MURMUR OF THE STREAM." Valse Brillante. W. Borrow. Metzler and Co.

This is decidedly better than either of the pieces we lately reviewed by the same author. The subjects are definite—though the first in E flat, is scarcely in the waltz-style, and no part of the composition suggests even faintly the idea of a stream "murmuring." Mr. Borrow, nevertheless, has a right to "borrow" what title he pleases for his music, and so it well written and effective like the present example, we have just as much pleasure in saying so, as if it was invested with a less fantastic nomenclature. Seriously, however, our composers should consider "rhyme and reason," in giving names to their effusions.

"THE ALLEGRETTO MOVEMENT" from Mendelssohn's Symphony to the Hymn of Praise. Arranged for the Organ from the full score. By J. Martin Dunstan. J. A. Novello.

A very skilful arrangement of one of the most original and lovely of all the orchestral movements of Mendelssohn. The second part, in which the *chorale* first appears, is likely to be the most effective; but the whole can hardly fail to excite the interest and attention of organists of intelligence and feeling.

"TWO CHORALES AND DOUBLE CHANT," for four voices, with an accompaniment for the Organ, arranged from Mendelssohn's Opas. 58, 66, and 70. By John Hills. Ewer and Co.

We object, on strong principle, to this sort of huckstering with the works of great men. The double chant in the above collection is a miserable parody upon the opening bars of one of the most beautiful choruses in the second part of *Elijah*; but it is not for that a bit more to be repudiated than the others.

"THE DEPARTURE FOR THE EAST." By Louise Christine. Charles Jefferys.

The words of this ballad—which is dedicated to the Duchess of Wellington, and composed expressly for Mr. Augustus Braham—are very good, and of the patriotic flavour, and the music, especially the opening melody in G minor, is sensible and expressive. The last part in B flat, "Cheer, cheer, my harp," however, though stirring, is more common-place (not to say "vulgar," a lady being in the case) than the rest.

GRISI AND MARIO AT NEW YORK.

IN the absence of any critical information respecting the two great artists in the American journals, we extract the following squib from the columns of our contemporary, the *New York Musical World*, which may amuse if it does not greatly edify our readers:

A lady, who came over in the same steamer with Grisi and Mario relates, that Mario's affectionate shadow (the hypothetical Miss "Coutts") irresistibly followed him, of course, on the embarkation, but alighted upon the deck of the steamer arrayed in a lilac-coloured silk, with flounces embellished with feather-trimming; over the whole of which was worn lace. Upon her

head was a fragile, *breath* of a bonnet, trimmed with orange blossoms. The lady advanced to the saloon, placed her hat in the hands of her maid, and reclined gracefully upon a lounge. Whereupon the maid covered her with lace. A lady passenger entered into conversation with her, and asked if she did not think Mario handsome. Thereupon she burst into a fit of laughter so contagious, that everybody in the saloon was constrained to laugh with her.

Grisi afterward playfully said, that she wished a committee of gentlemen would incontinently drop her into the sea—adding more earnestly, however, that she really had, for her, the *evil eye*. She had followed them wherever they went—had gone with them to St. Petersburg. Twice, in such instances, had they met with comparative failure. If they failed in the *United States*, it might be ascribed to the same *evil eye*. Poor Miss Coutts! Can the eye of love ever be evil?

There is no doubt of one thing, however, that Miss "Coutts" has here made a sensation. She pays thirty dollars a-night for her capacious stage box, which she—and her magnificent bouquet—occupy entirely alone. Each time she makes her appearance in a still more fabulously-radiant costume; and we doubt if more opera-glasses are levelled at Grisi and Mario on their appearance than at Miss Coutts. Her appearance and disappearance being generally uniform with that of Mario (as well becomes a shadow—sometimes, haply, the coming tenor-event casting its shadow before and sometimes a trifle behind), the audience are kept well advised whether the fascinating singer is to appear in this or that act: and infallibly, if in an entire opera there is to be no Mario, there is—no Coutts!

Now, despite all criticism, a beautiful expression may sometimes be caught even in the least beautiful of faces; and we think *least beautiful* is not too harsh a term for any gentleman justifiably to use of any lady. So, in the least beautiful face in question, we one evening caught, in an unguarded moment of general admiration for the peerless Mario, an expression of appealing tenderness, which made us feel—badly. We confess it. We really wished that a *Mr. and Mrs. Coutts* occupied that desolate stage-box, instead of a solitary Miss only.

PERFORMANCE OF SACRED MUSIC AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

A PERFORMANCE of choral music was given on Monday evening in St. George's Hall by an orchestra of nearly one hundred and forty performers.

The first part consisted of Beethoven's Cantata, entitled *The Praise of Music*, arranged for English words. The second part devoted to Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*. The solo vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Mrs. Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss.

The band comprised Her Majesty's private band, headed by M. Sington, and reinforced by a selection from the principal performers of the Philharmonic Societies and the Royal Italian Opera.

The chorus, seventy-five in number, were selected from the Royal Italian Opera and the amateurs of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The performance was conducted by Mr. Anderson, the director of Her Majesty's private band; and Mr. W. G. Cusins, organist of Her Majesty's private chapel, presided at the organ.

The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary and the five eldest royal children, the dinner-circle, the evening company, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, entered the Hall about ten o'clock, when the performance commenced.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The first performance this year of *Elijah* took place last night, at Exeter Hall. The principal vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Miss Bassano, Miss Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The hall was crowded in every part. Next to the *Messiah*, Mendelssohn's *chef-d'œuvre* is always the grandest and most complete performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—(Dec 30).—In an article headed "St. George's Hall," the *Liverpool Mail*, of the above date, contains some pertinent remarks as to the uses to which the hall might be applied, which we think worth while extracting. "The visits lately paid to the Saturday Evening Concerts," says the journal, "at the private hall in Lord Nelson-street, by the mayor and his predecessor, and afterwards by Lord Stanley, naturally suggested that this public hall could not be dedicated to a better use than by making it the means of encouraging a taste for music among our masses, for whom so few cheap pleasures are provided except at the ale-house. Lord Stanley's eloquent and truthful remarks on the influence of music on the masses we printed on the occasion of his visit to the People's Concerts, and they are worthy of all commendation. Why then not attempt improving our people on a large scale? Here the people have a hall, with two music rooms, on which thousands have been spent, and an organ which has cost, or is to cost, several thousands more. This magnificent instrument is expected to be complete in February. But where is the organist? We hold that there ought to be one, and that the selection should be made at once. His salary should be liberal. If £500 a year would not purchase the highest talent, £750 or £1000 would; and he should be tied down strictly to abstain from all tutorial competition with the musical professors of the town. With an adequate remuneration guaranteed to him out of the public funds, his time, and attention, and musical powers should be employed exclusively in the service of the people; and it should be one part of his duty to encourage choral and sacred music among amateurs.

With a large surplus income, the Corporation have no excuse for leaving the People's Hall useless for the people's enjoyment; and, if technical objections arise, the expense may be legally met, as in the case of the recent visit of the British Association to the town, by an addition of £1,000 a-year to the Mayoral allowance.

But we are prepared to go further. We advocate gratuitous admission to performances of sacred music every Sunday. We cannot go the length with some, and recommend oratories for Sunday evenings. The clergy would complain of the withdrawal of their congregations, and we doubt whether public feeling in this country would tolerate it. When the Rev. Charles Wesley introduced sacred concerts on Sunday evenings, a popular outcry was raised. But why not adopt a middle course, and have free performances of sacred music at St. George's Hall every Sunday afternoon? The afternoon service at Chester Cathedral is an hour long; and having a first-rate organist, and a competent choir, crowds throng to it every Sunday afternoon. At St. George's Hall they might begin with "Gloria in Excelsis," and end with "God Save the Queen." The organ is to be of unrivalled power. Amateur choral societies would come forward to assist. The public would crowd to the hall; the musical taste of the people would be drawn out and elevated, and spirit of reverence and devotion encouraged, to which neither the clergy nor any other rational being could object. At present our people are musically far behind even those Russian serfs whom we deem semi-barbarous. Fowler's "Sovereigns of Russia" tells us that the musical services of the chapel royal of St. Petersburgh are not excelled by those of any choral band in Europe, and that Madame Catalani, on hearing these Russian choristers, exclaimed, 'My song is of this world, but their chant is of the world above.'

IBID.—On Tuesday evening, the 26th ultimo, the Sacred Harmonic Society performed the first and second parts of the *Messiah*, in the Collegiate Hall, which was crowded by a most respectable audience, among whom were the Mayor and many of the principal families of the town. Mr. and Mrs. Paget, who were new to a Liverpool audience, achieved a decided success in the bass and contralto music. Mrs. Hiles sang the soprano music in a most creditable manner. The choruses, numbering 200 voices, sang with a precision which reflects great credit on their conductor, C. D. Hackett, Mus. Bac. Mr. J. F. Smith presided at the organ.

On Wednesday evening, the 27th ultimo, Mr. B. R. Isaac gave a classical concert, at the Music-hall, Bold-street, which was but poorly attended. The *artistes* with Mr. Isaac were Herr Molique, Signor Piatti, and Madame Rudersdorf. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, very nicely played; after which Madame Rudersdorf sang the German version of Mozart's "Non mi dir." Herr Molique then gave two of his violin melodies, the second of which was encored, and was followed by Rode's variations for Madame Rudersdorf. Mr. Isaac selected Stephen Heller's "Improvisation," on Mendelssohn's *Maid of the Ganges*, and his "Etude, La Chasse." Both were well played. Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," for pianoforte and violin, was done full justice to by Mr. Isaac and Herr Molique. Signor Piatti followed with a solo on the violoncello, on themes from *Linda*, after which Madame Rudersdorf sang two German songs by Taubert, the concert concluding with the first performance in Liverpool of Spohr's grand trio in E minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.

MANCHESTER.—(Dec. 30).—On Thursday evening, Dr. S. S. Wesley, organist of the Cathedral and College, Winchester, performed a selection of music at Providence Chapel. The selection, among other pieces, comprised three fugues by Bach, two instrumental pieces by Spohr, the andante from Beethoven's symphony in D, the Hallelujah Chorus from the *Mount of Olives*, by the same composer, and Händel's variations upon the "Harmonious Blacksmith"; besides these, Dr. Wesley gave some very clever variations by himself on an air by Kozeluch, also an introduction and air, and an andante of his own composition. The performance was a masterly one, but the effect was considerably impaired by a running accompaniment, in the shape of directions as to the management of the stops, very energetically given by Dr. Wesley to his assistants, Mr. Groves, the builder of the organ, and another gentleman. The audience was by no means so large as we anticipated, the chapel not being half filled.

IBID.—(From our own Correspondent)—The Classical Chamber Music Society gave its fourth concert on Thursday week. The programme:—

PART I.—Grand Trio—pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (in D, Op. 70, No. 1), Beethoven.—Sonata—pianoforte and violin (in E flat, Op. 12, No. 3), Beethoven.

PART II.—Quintet—two violins, two violas, and violoncello (in D, No. 4, Mozart).—Variations, sur un Thème de Händel—pianoforte and violoncello (in G), Beethoven.—Solo de Concert—violin, Sainton. Nocturne and Mazurkas—pianoforte, Chopin.

M. Sainton, as first violin, appeared in lieu of Herr Ernst and Herr Molique; and in order to give a stringed quintet with effect, Herr Steingraber, from the band of the Royal Italian Opera, was engaged as an additional viola. The other executants were as before—namely, second violin, M. Carrodus; viola, M. Baetens; violoncello, Signor Piatti; and pianoforte, Mr. C. Hallé. Beethoven's trio was admirably played by Messrs. Hallé, Sainton, and Piatti. The violin sonata afforded another opportunity for M. Sainton to show his excellence in the performance of classic music; as leader of Mozart's glorious quintet nothing could be better. The duet for violoncello and pianoforte lacked sustained interest after the great works which preceded it. M. Sainton again delighted the audience in his solo for the violin. It was, if anything, too long at that time of the evening, but it was a first-rate display of execution. The passages in harmonics were remarkable for their certainty and clearness. M. Sainton was continually applauded during the performance, and still more warmly on its conclusion. Mr. Charles Hallé gave a Nocturne and two Mazurkas of Chopin's to wind-up the concert; the Nocturne being, by far, the most charming of the three. The fifth concert is announced to take place on Thursday next.

IBID.—The usual Christmas choral concert was given at the Concert Hall on Wednesday evening. The performances consisted of Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and selections from the *Messiah*. The principal singers were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Armstrong, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Herr Formes. Mr. Charles Hallé conducted, Mr. C. A. Seymour was the leader, and Mr. W. Barlow presided at the organ. Spohr's Oratorio made a great impression. Miss Armstrong's singing, however, constituted a serious drawback to the performance. It was injudicious to

place her beside the other three great artists. The quartet, "Blest are the departed," was entirely spoiled by Miss Armstrong. In the selections from the *Messiah* nothing could be finer than Mr. Sims Reeves. He sang "Comfort ye my people," and the air, "Every valley," in a style of surpassing excellence. Madame Clara Novello produced a great effect in "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and Herr Formes declaimed "Why do the nations," with great power and energy.

SHREWSBURY.—(Dec. 29).—Last night Mr. Walter C. Hay's farewell concert took place at the Music Hall, under the patronage of Colonel Frederick Hill and the officers of the Shropshire Militia. The Hall was crowded in every part. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, M. Pierre, and Mr. Frank Boda. The band of the Shropshire Militia and the celebrated Hungarian band were also engaged.

LEEDS.—(Dec. 30).—The *Messiah* was given by the Recreation Society, in the Music Hall, on Saturday evening last, to a large audience. Hundreds were turned away disappointed. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderlan¹, Mrs. Gill, Mr. Inkerson, and Mr. Weiss; principal violin, Mr. Willy; Mr. Bowling, leader; and Mr. Spark, conductor. The band and chorus numbered upwards of one hundred performers. The general execution was creditable. In "The trumpet shall sound," the only real failure of the evening occurred; the singing was effective, but the obligato wretched. The choruses were given with steadiness and precision—time was admirably preserved, the *pianos* and *fortes* well marked, and the effect corresponding. The band, too, though perhaps scarcely strong enough in the violins, played and showed signs of good drilling by Mr. Bowling. To Mr. Spark, the conductor, must be assigned a great portion of the merit of the performance.

DUBLIN.—The *Messiah* was given by the Royal Choral Institute, at the Ancient Concert Rooms, on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 21st. Miss Cruise, Miss Keane, Mrs. Mahon, Miss Glover, Messrs. Haigh and Richard Smith were the principal vocalists. Professor Glover conducted. The band and chorus amounted to two hundred performers.—On the Tuesday previous, Signor Regondi gave a concert in the Round Room of the Rotunda, which was well filled. Mr. Gustavus Geary, Mr. Grattan Kelly, and Miss Kate Shepherd, lent their services as vocalists.—The Dublin Madrigal Society gave its first concert for the season the same evening, and with great success.

FOREIGN.

BERLIN.—(From our own Correspondent).—The management of the Royal Opera-House was not wrong in supposing that, in spite of the unfavourable time of year, M. Roger would prove a trump card. His engagement has been very profitable to the treasury. He appeared three times; twice in *La Dame Blanche*, and once in *La Favorite*, the theatre being crammed to suffocation every night he sang. M. Roger also sang at the Gustav-Adolph Concert, which was postponed until the 27th ult. Herr Dorn's new opera, *Die Nibelungen*, promises to become a stock piece. It was lately played for the eighth time. Their Majesties the King and Queen, as well as the other Royal personages at present visiting the Court, were present at the performance.

Kroll's Opera Company, which has for some time past been absent from Berlin, is again in full activity. The season opened with Mozart's one-act opera, *Der Schauspieldirector*, Mesdames Schmidt and Hofmeister sustaining the parts of the rival *prince donne*. They were greatly applauded in the celebrated duet, "Ich bin die erste Sängerin." Herr Hesse, too, was very happy in his delineation of the well-known Schikaneder.

POTS DAM.—On the 19th ult. the Brothers Löschhorn and Herr Stahlknecht gave their third trio soirée, in the Barberini Palace. They played works by Mendelssohn and Beethoven. Her Royal Highness the Princess Carl Friederich was present.

ELBERFELD.—The second subscription concert took place in the large room of the Casino. The first part comprised Mozart's overture to *Titus*, Mendelssohn's music for the 95th Psalm, Beethoven's symphony in E sharp major, and the soprano air from *Der Freischütz*. The second part was solely composed of Mendelssohn's symphony in A minor.

STUTTGART.—The yearly series of twelve concerts, given by the Hofkapelle, opened with Dr. Spohr's *Weise der Töne*. Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* continues the great attraction at the theatre. *La Reine de Chypre*, by M. Halévy, will be produced about the beginning of February.

DRESDEN.—Great exertions are being made to bring out Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* in a manner worthy its merit. The principal parts will be sustained by Mdile. Ney, Herren Tichatscheck, and Mitterwurzer. On the 18th ult., Weber's birthday, *Der Freischütz* was given, for the 230th time, with new scenery and dresses, in honour of the great composer. Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor* is very popular here.

LEIPZIG.—In obedience to an invitation from the directors of the Gewandhaus Concerts, Madame von Stradiot-Mende sang, at the ninth subscription concert, the air in A major of *Sextus*, in Mozart's *Titus*, and the scene and air of Leonora in *Fidelio*. Madame Mélanie Parish Alvari played three or four of her most celebrated pieces for the harp. The Subscription Quartet Concerts commenced on the 18th ult., when Miss Arabella Goddard, from London, played Beethoven's trio in B major (Op. 97), Bach's prelude and fugue (in C sharp major), from the *Wohltemperirtes Clavier*, and one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. Her playing gave the greatest satisfaction, and the applause bestowed upon the fair and talented artist was something totally unprecedented. Miss Stabbach, also from London, who was engaged for these concerts, has left Leipzig. A new three-act comic opera, entitled *Die Weiber von Weinsberg*, was given on the 11th ult.

ERFURT.—Mdile. von Westerstrand and Herr J. Gulomy, Hofconcertmeister in Rübeckburg, and known as a first-rate violinist, appeared at the last concert given by the Musikverein. The theatre in which the concert came off was densely crowded, not less than 1,200 persons being present.

COLOGNE.—Mdile. Günther has appeared as Romeo in Bellini's *Montecchi e Capuletti*.

FRANCOFT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Herr R. Wagner's opera, *Der fliegende Holländer*, was produced on the 2nd inst.

MUNICH.—An Oratorio-Association has been established, under the direction of Herr von Perfall. Its object is the propagation of classical music.

WURZBURG.—A new three-act opera, *Das Abendleben bei Navarin*, has been produced with success. It is said to be the production of an amateur of very high rank.

ZURICH.—Mdile. Anna Zerr has made a great "hit." Every place is already taken for the whole series of her performances. She opened as Lucia, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The other parts in which she will appear are—Martha, Donna Anna, Amina, Norma, and the Queen of Night.

AMSTERDAM.—Md. von Marra continues as attractive as ever. Mdile. Wilhelmina Clauss gave her second concert on the 12th ult. It was most numerously attended, and the audience were enthusiastic in their applause. The fair *bénéficiare* played Beethoven's Trio in D major (Op. 70), Chopin's Nocturne, in D sharp, and Etude in F minor, Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor, one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, and Liszt's *Erlkönig*. Mdile. Clause played at Rotterdam on the 15th ult., and at the Hague on the 20th ult., where she is announced to give a concert of her own on the 4th of January.

HONGKONG.—A French operatic company is at present here. It came from California, taking the Sandwich Islands in its way. The "stars" are two ladies, one of whom was formerly a *prima donna* of the Italian and French Opéras in Paris, while the other obtained the first prize for violin playing, at the Brussels Conservatory. *Credat Judæus!*

FRANZ WEBER'S "SILBERNE HOCHZEIT."

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

COLOGNE, Dec. 30th.

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of Herr Weber's wedding day, was celebrated here with great rejoicing on Wednesday, the 27th December. As on two occasions, Herr Weber has met with such a warm reception from the English, I think some short account of this unusual ceremony may not be out of place in the columns of the *Musical World*. Having received an invitation, I proceeded at seven o'clock on Wednesday evening to the Casino, where the guests, who numbered

upwards of five hundred, were already assembled. The ceremony commenced with the performance of a Cantata for quartet and chorus, composed for the occasion by Herr Max Bruch, a young composer of much promise, and a favourite pupil of Ferdinand Hiller. Presents and addresses were then presented from each of the three societies, of which Herr Weber is the director, viz., a silver bowl from the Männer-gesang-verein, a rosewood book-case from the Sing-Academie, and a handsome present of music from the Philharmonic. Herr Weber greeted with a kiss each of the representatives of the three societies [N.B. they were men—German fashion]; and after a short speech from him, and a chorus composed by F. Hiller, we adjourned to supper, during which we were enlivened by a very excellent band, and the performance of several part-songs by the Männer-gesang-verein, all composed for the occasion by Messrs. F. Hiller, C. Reinthal, and A. Pütz, besides others in the Cologne dialect, sung to well-known melodies by the whole company. Great praise is due to Herr Pütz, who wrote the words to all the songs, excepting one by Klein. There were several good speeches made, and the entertainment kept up with spirit till long past midnight.

Herr Carl Formes has played here for the last four nights, as Osmin, in *Der Entführung aus der Serail*; Bertram, in *Robert der Teufel*; Leporello, in *Don Juan*; and Marcel, in *Die Hugonotten*. Herr Formes played as powerfully as he always does, and fairly took the Kölner by storm. The theatre, which has been almost deserted since Roger was here two months ago, was on each occasion crammed to the ceiling. From Cologne, Herr Formes proceeds to Berlin to fulfil an engagement there, but has promised us a night on his return. He intends to be in London by the 15th instant.

Robert Wagner's *Lohengrin* is being rehearsed at the theatre, and the first part of C. Reinthal's Oratorio of *Jeptah und Seine Tochter* is announced for the next Casino Concert.

I have heard lately three new works of importance from the pen of Herr Ferdinand Hiller:—A scene for pianoforte and orchestra, which he played at the first Casino concert; a "Loreley" cantata, for solo voices, chorus and orchestra; and an opera, *Der Advocat*, the music of which is first-rate; and, to judge from its reception the first night it was performed, I should say would be highly successful. But the text, it seems, has not pleased, and for that reason alone, I believe he has withdrawn it.

M. ROGER.

The following letter was written by M. Roger to the editor of the French paper, the *Illustration*, concerning the subscription opened for the purpose of sending a cargo of pipes and tobacco to the French soldiers in the Crimea:—

"Sir,—What a touching idea is that conceived by the charming lady who does not smoke, to open in your columns a subscription for the brave soldiers of our army in the Crimea! Be kind enough to thank her in my name for the tears she caused me to shed on the road from Bremen to Hamburg, and tell her that an artist, who does not smoke any more than she herself does, but who sings, joins her, both in heart and fact, in her good work. Are not sound and smoke of the same family? Both live on air; both intoxicate in a similar manner, and both pass away as speedily; like a good brother, the one should assist the other.

"I subscribe therefore to the tobacco fund of the Army of the East, and my box of cigars will be furnished by the proceeds of one of my performances at Hamburg. I shall choose *La Dame Blanche*. I trust that our brave brothers in arms collect our old French airs, and under fire, or exposed to the wind and snow, sing with joy, when they behold themselves thus followed by the tenderness and affection of their country:

"Ah, quel plaisir d'être soldat!"

"I remain, etc.,

"G. ROGER.

"Hamburg, 8th Dec., 1854."

The performance was given, and 1,500 francs magnificently fulfilled the promise of the patriotic tenor.

HERR GOFFRIE'S SOIRES MUSICALES.—The second came off on Wednesday, and was much better attended than the first the weather being more propitious. The programme commenced with Mozart's Quartet, No. 2, in D minor, for the violin, viola, and violoncello—executants: Messrs. Ernst, Goffrie, Hill, and Piatti. The performance was all that could be desired. Ernst played from his heart, and was magnificent. Such perfect and expressive violin playing we have not listened to for many a day. Mendelssohn's most sweet song, "On the Lake," was well sung by Mdlle. Bauer, who has a good voice. She might, however, have selected a song better suited to her—for example, a *bravura* of the modern Italian school. She also gave an air—we forgot the name—from Flotow's *Stradella*, in which she was more successful than in "Deh vieni non tardar" from *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Signor Piatti executed one of his fantasias with wonderful mechanism, and a sentiment and tone hardly to be surpassed. A new sonata for pianoforte and violin, by M. Benedict, was finely executed by the composer and Herr Goffrie. The sonata is a work of high merit, and full of interest. Again, Ernst came out, like a giant, in Beethoven's Quartet in F, No. 1. The *Adagio*, in D minor, is almost painful to listen to, when played by this unrivalled master of expression—so intent and real is the passion he infuses into it. All the four performers, indeed—the same who played in Mozart's Quartet—were fully equal to the task of interpreting this fine composition. The entertainment—almost unexceptionable for its excellence—was brought to a termination by a brilliant performance on the pianoforte by M. Benedict, who officiated as conductor throughout the evening.

BARNUM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—Barnum, after writing his "Memoirs," true Yankee fashion, submitted it to the publishers for the highest bidding. Fifteen "bids" were offered, the highest being 75,000 dollars, equal to £15,000, and 68,000 copies of the work are said to have been subscribed by the retail booksellers before it was put up to competition. Mr. J. S. Redfield is the fortunate proprietor of the copyright.

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